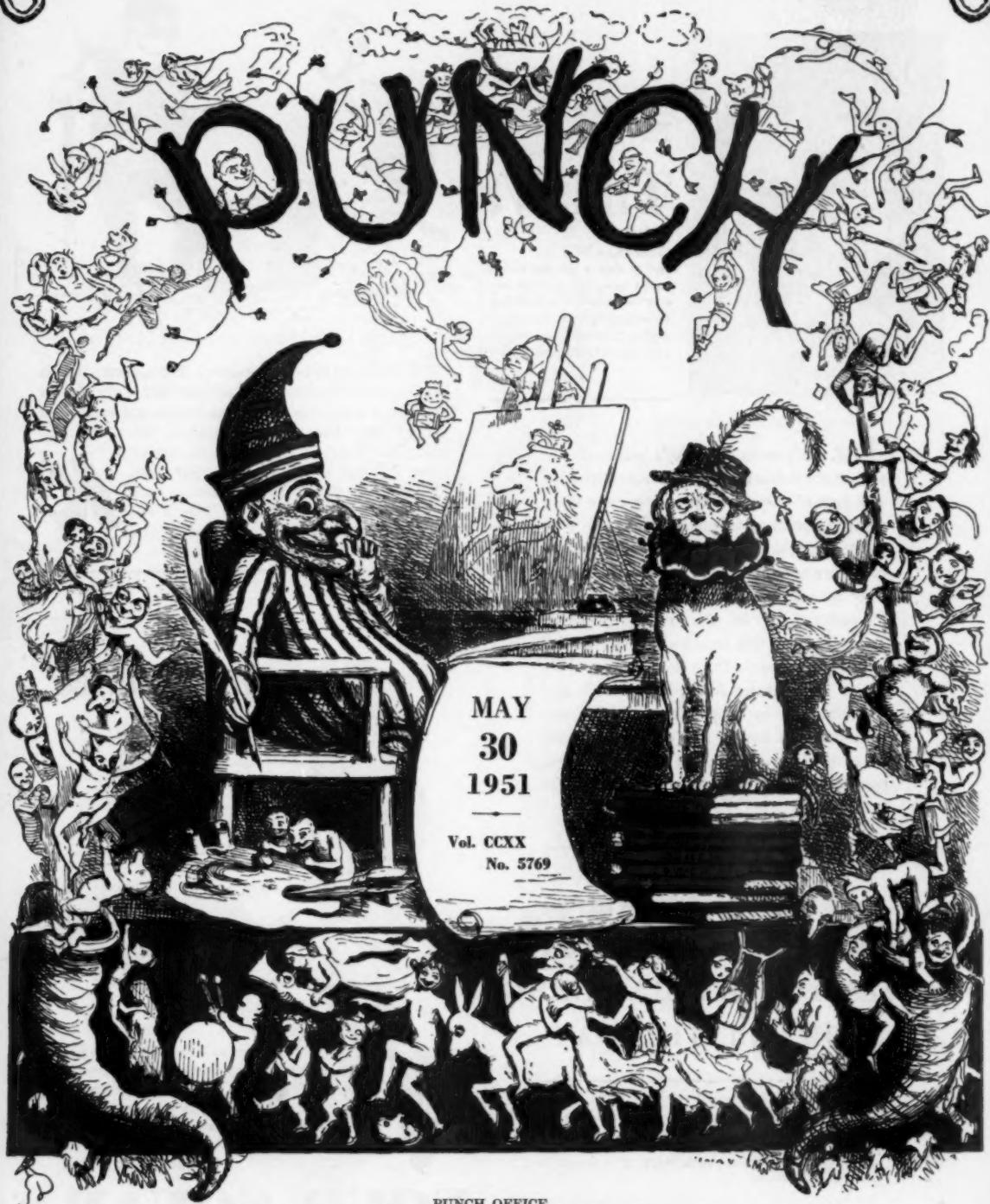


PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, MAY 30 1951

6d

6d



MAY
30
1951

Vol. CCXX
No. 5769

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



Ex-

T.H.W.

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FOR ALL THE DAY

* **THE INCREASED POTENCY** of the new 'SUPAVITE' formula ensures an ample supply of the Vitamins necessary for correcting Vitamin deficiencies in to-day's diet. The combination of minerals with the Vitamins in 'SUPAVITE' is essential for full benefit to be obtained.

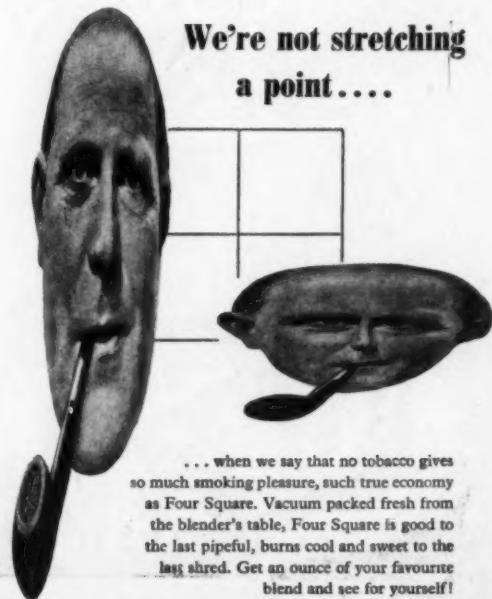
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Laboratories: South Rudolf, Middlesex.



To be smart or to be comfortable? For a woman, that is the question. To let her rivals get away with it or suffer the slims and narrows of outrageous fashion and enjoy their envy? Men have no such problems. They have long since discovered in their search for comfort that it is not a quality to be trifled with. When they find smartness and comfort together they look no further. That is why 300,000 men buy no other shoes than

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Punch, May 30 1951

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Deer
Mummy...

Deer Mummy

I am in New York after
a lovely trip. Everybody was so
kind on the plane and we had
beds to sleep in and dinner
and breakfast just like a
resteraunt. Uncle John met me at
the airport and he said how
funny it was that I was
in London at night and with him
in America in the morning. He said
he is going to fly next time
 and he said it makes home
seem just like next door.

Love and XXXXX Jean



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Punch, May 30, 1951



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"...and one day the young son fell down and cut his knee. His mother bathed and bandaged the gash carefully, but a few days later the boy was in such pain that she decided to consult her doctor. To her horror he immediately diagnosed acute blood poisoning. No one could call her neglectful, yet she had omitted one vital thing — to make the cut antiseptically safe."

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"TONIC INGREDIENT"
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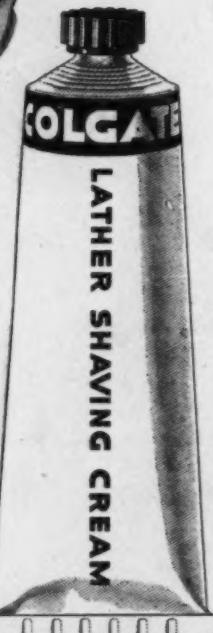
... you finish up with a

COOLER SKIN
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SMOOTHER CHIN



We've now taken the
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IT'S TRUE! No more after-shave dryness or burning razor rash. Your face is cooler because the new tonic ingredient in Colgate Lather Shaving Cream gets right down to work on the tenderest skins. It soothes while you shave. No need for scraping over and over either ... because the richer, creamier lather softens up the toughest beard. It gives a quicker, cleaner shave. Get a tube of Colgate Lather Shaving Cream today. See if its unique 2-in-1 tonic action doesn't give you the closest, most refreshing shave you've ever had. In two sizes 1/3 and 2/-.



COLGATE
 Lather Shaving Cream
 with the NEW "TONIC INGREDIENT"

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 TOUGH ONE...

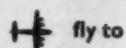
For years I had to shave and shave. Then I tried Colgate's thick creamy lather, and now I get a smoother, cleaner shave every morning.

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Through four generations CHERRY HEERING has witnessed as well as created many precious moments. To-day, supplies are still not unlimited, but this old Danish delight will grace your day whenever and wherever you meet with it.



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World famous liqueur since 1818



What is a sports car, Daddy?

It's the kind of car I used to take your mother out in before we married.

Is this a sports car?

No—this is a family runabout.

What's the difference?

Well, the sports car was... more sporting—of course, you could get any amount of BP in those days. I wish we could now!

When will BP be back, Daddy?

We don't know yet—but that will be the day!



BP is the trade-mark of
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HERE'S A WONDERFUL WAY TO FINISH YOUR SHAVE

SPLASH IT ON!

INHALE!



TO SOOTHE and comfort your skin after shaving, splash Aqua Velva into your hands and apply it to your face with a brisk rubbing action. Feel Aqua Velva refreshing your skin—cool, clean, comforting. Next—

CUP YOUR HANDS about your face and take a deep, deep breath. This way, you get the full benefit of Aqua Velva's 'wake-up' aroma—the tonic fragrance that gives you a wonderful feeling of well-being.



AQUA VELVA soothes and refreshes the face after shaving. It lends first aid to nicks and scratches. It contains, too, skin-freshening ingredients that help keep the face youthfully soft and good-looking.

Try Aqua Velva after shaving tomorrow. You'll know immediately why it's the most popular after-shave lotion in the world.

A WILLIAMS SHAVING PREPARATION



To be repeated

'I do not think I have ever watched a rainy rugger match in such comfort before' sighed the Vicar.

'Dear me, how things have changed!'

'Yet not entirely' the Vicar went on. 'As I was - er - viewing, I was also smoking. I was smoking the self-same tobacco as I smoked in my Twickenham days.'

No, Three Nuns has not changed. You can speed up the world—but Three Nuns remains blissfully slow.

You can aim at progress—but Three Nuns has already reached perfection. Now, Sir, let us refill our pipes—and then, on with the show!'

Three Nuns

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What is CHIC?

CHIC may be dashing today . . . demure tomorrow.

It is the look of one whose whole ensemble follows with distinction the dictates of fashion.

Impeccable grooming and a flawless complexion are essential.

An Embassy complexion . . . beautifully smooth, clear and fresh . . . has this perfection.

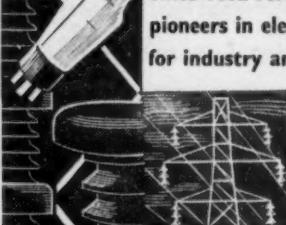
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2/- 3/- 5/- 8/-

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He's earning his living and he's got to find his own feet. What an advantage it is for him to have the Y.M.C.A. where he can meet his pals and join in the games and hobbies he likes. And what a comfort to his parents to know that he spends his spare time in a friendly, wholesome atmosphere among the right sort of people!

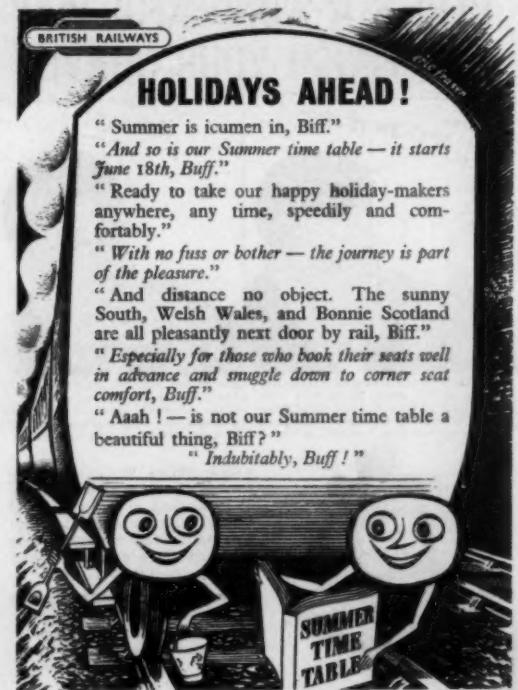
Many a young man entering the Forces or starting a civilian career finds lasting personal friendship and spiritual support in the Y.M.C.A. But the need for its service grows daily greater.

Please send the most generous donation you can afford to help the Y.M.C.A. to extend its work.

Donations may be sent to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Athlone, K.G., G.C.B., President of the Y.M.C.A. War and National Service Fund : 112, Great Russell St., London, W.C.1



Y.M.C.A. WAR AND NATIONAL SERVICE FUND
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)





CHARIVARIA

An industrialist submits that we hold all the cards in the trade duel with China. Though it must be admitted that at one time she came dangerously near winning the rubber.



Well-known actors, it is said, dislike the "childish behaviour" of audiences who greet their first entrance in a play with clapping and cheers. They'd dislike it still more if they realized that these outbursts of applause often actually mark the delayed entrance of a screen star in the stalls.

"The Communists were unsuccessful in Edinburgh where their only candidate was well eaten."
"North-Western Evening Mail"

By reactionary Fascist cannibals, no doubt.

Bristol University students are to organize a contest to see who can consume most pints of beer. It is feared that a large number may be sent down.

Cricket coaching is given to the younger offenders in some approved schools. The difficulty the instructors have at first is to stop the boys swiping everything that comes along.

"Dozens of police were sent to control the crush on the bridge. And thousands were still pouring into the exhibition after nightfall, bringing the day's total to more than 59,000."—"Sunday Express"
Who looked after the traffic?

Fulham council is to spend £1,200 to deaden the noise of people singing in their public baths. A cheaper expedient would be to turn off the heating.

Voracious Reader

"Miss Catherine Narrey is one of the energetic women on the *Daily Graphic*. She is a black, medium-sized lady with a set of sparkling white teeth attached to the proof reading section of that paper."

"African Morning Post"

It is a pity, says a columnist, that the Festival clashes with the two-thousand-year celebrations in Paris. But at least we can profit from our experience to ensure that it won't happen the next time.

SIMPLE CONGESTION PROCESS

NOW and again, as every serious-minded office-worker knows, all the pamphlets, reports and bulletins that have been pushed to the back of the desk for examination at a more convenient time come flying out of their pigeon-hole like so many racket-tailed drongos. This curious phenomenon is an instance of allelomimetic behaviour, and when it happens the only decent thing the office-worker can do, if, like Wellington, he believes in doing the day's work in the day, is to flip open the pamphlets, reports and bulletins and take a look at them. To push them out of sight again into a drawer is simply to confirm the sound sense and insight of the Joint Office Management Committee of the British Institute of Management and the Office Management Association when they say (on page 19 of *Management of the Smaller Office*) that "the number and types of drawers within the desks should be reduced to the minimum necessary, to prevent hoarding of documents."

It will be as well, before getting seriously to work, to note the position of the office-worker's body. "It has been determined (continues page 19) that, when seated, a clerk should have both feet firmly on the floor and the forearms, when working at the writing surface, should be parallel to the floor." This is true of all grades; and senior executives who, for purposes of personal aggrandisement, deliberately raise one or both feet from the ground have about as much idea of office management as the four Stump-tailed Skinks which (I see from the *Report of the Council and Auditors of the Zoological Society*) have recently been added to the Zoo.

Allelomimetic behaviour, says Mr. Edward A. Armstrong in an article on Animal Mimesis in the *Bulletin of Animal Behaviour* for March, has been defined as "any activity of the members of a group who do the same thing at approximately the same time." The term thus covers the behaviour of the *Bulletin* itself in debouching on to my writing surface at approximately the same time as the paper on "Some Problems in the Theory of Queues," which Mr. D. G. Kendall read to the Royal Statistical Society some weeks ago. It also covers, one would have thought, the behaviour of queues, but there is no mention of allelomimesis in the Synopsis of Mr. Kendall's paper, which is otherwise satisfactory:

Synopsis of the Paper

Specification of a congestion process in terms of input, queue-discipline and service-mechanism. The idea of a "regeneration point." Analysis of non-Markovian processes possessing a sequence of regeneration points. Elementary derivation of Khintchine's formulae for the equilibrium distributions associated with the simple congestion process. Ergodic analysis of the simple congestion process from the standpoint of Feller's theory of recurrent events. Borel's theory of "busy periods" and a re-interpretation of this in terms of the stochastic theory of population growth.

I wish I had time to read the whole paper, which Mr. Kendall clearly wrote with both feet firmly on the

ground. But we are having one of Borel's busy periods here just now, and, as *Management of the Smaller Office* well says, "information which is only to be used in special circumstances should not be produced until the need arises." It will be better to delay consideration of Khintchine's formulae until one is actually associated with the simple congestion process at the butcher's.

There is no mention at all of input or queue-discipline in the Zoological Society's Report, despite the fact that twenty-five Indian Chukors, five Cotton Rats, three Reticulated Giraffes and a Moholi Galago (to name but a few) have been recently deposited at Regent's Park. These creatures must surely have formed up in some sort of order before admittance? Noah's theory of duo-infiltration (the so-called "arking process"), though not in essence stochastic, shows that animals are by no means instinctively queue-resistant. And look at sheep, as Mr. Edward A. Armstrong frequently does.

Did you know that "Schneirla uses the term 'bio-social facilitation' for 'the capacity of mutual assistance in social insects,' contrasting it with the 'psycho-social co-operativeness' of the primates"? This seems to me to imply a re-interpretation of the Ebor-Cantuar relationship, but I can't go into that now—partly because "in dealing with office problems it is necessary to limit the field of inquiry" (page 27), partly because a mislaid letter from the Publicity and Attractions Dept. of the County Borough of Southport has just fallen out of the *Bulletin of Animal Behaviour*.

This letter calls so urgently for attention that even the ergodic analysis I was about to make of the behaviour of five Purplish Death Adders, which I have just found at large in my Smaller Office, must go by the board. It appears—nay, it is true—that in an article on the Census printed in *Punch* on April 4 last it was stated that "nine sorters and seven 'printing-counting sorters,' besides no fewer than hundred and twenty-five punching machines, are housed in the Victoria Hotel at Blackpool." This statement is utterly non-Markovian, and I am glad to take this opportunity of pointing out that the nine sorters and all the other attractions are, in fact, at the Victoria Hotel, Southport. To Southport, and to those readers who may be compelled to make last-minute changes in their holiday plans, an apology is clearly owed.

It now only remains to push all these pamphlets, reports and bulletins to the back of the desk, for closer examination at a more convenient time, and to issue orders for all ranks to keep their forearms parallel and to scrutinize future articles on the Census with the unwinking attention of a Spectacled Cayman. Wellington himself could hardly do more, though unfortunately, as he well knew, "the giving of orders (page 88) does not, in itself, guarantee the achievement of the purpose of the office. It is also necessary to know that those orders have been carried out correctly."

H. F. ELLIS



ENOUGH OF THAT!



"He's tired, the poor darling—you see, I promised him he could stay up till you go."

CHEERIGO MARCHES ON

THE Managing Director rang his bell rather sharply, and got the office-boy, whom he didn't particularly want. After some minutes of brisk interchange of personnel on an ascending scale, he eventually got the General Manager, whom he did.

"Ah, Fordchester!" said the Managing Director.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Fordchester.

"Fordchester, this is Festival Year. What are we doing about it?"

"Well, sir," said Mr. Fordchester, tickling his ear, "we're carrying on."

The Managing Director thumped his table.

"I want more than that! We've got to step into line with every other business firm, or we're going to get left. Inaugurate our own Festival Campaign at once. 'Cavalcade of Charabanc-Hat-Making!' How does that strike you?"

"I think, sir," said Mr. Fordchester with great respect, "that as we've only been making charabanc hats for twenty-eight years it might prove a rather short cavalcade."

"But think what we have accomplished in those twenty-eight years! Which was the firm that, yet in its infancy, foresaw the boom in paper hats with 'Kiss Me Quick' on them?"

"Our firm, sir," said Mr. Fordchester proudly.

"Who signed-up the author of 'Chase Me Girls' on a ten-years' contract? Who devised the squeaking hat? Who introduced the hat with laughable hand-operated water spray attachment? Who first marketed the twin-crowned hat for courting couples?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Fordchester, who would have liked to remind the Managing Director that he was the talent-spotter who had

recommended "I'm No Angel" to the firm.

"Could you ask for more inspiring material for a paper-hat cavalcade?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Fordchester.

"Well, then," said the Managing Director, "produce a saga about it all."

"The rise and fall of the Cheerigo Fun-Hat, do you mean?"

"Not the fall," said the Managing Director crossly. "Just the rise. Look at that sales-graph." He waved at the wall. "Twenty-nine years ago, how many people were regularly buying Cheerigo Fun-Hats?"

"None," said Mr. Fordchester. "We weren't making them."

"Right! Yet, to-day, twelve point seven four two heads out of twenty in every charabanc in Great Britain wear a Cheerigo Fun-Hat. In another twenty-eight years, at

that rate of progression, twenty-five point four eight four—" He broke off. "Well, anyway, how many people does a charabanc hold?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Fordchester, considering, "but whatever it is it'll be different in twenty-eight years' time."

"O.K., then, here's the way to put it in your publicity. '1923—a year that will ever be memorable for the introduction of the Cheerigo Fun-Hat. Welcomed with acclaim by hat-hungry trippers everywhere, its meteoric rise to pre-eminence is one of the great romances of modern industry. This Year of Festival has been timed well, for it finds more than half the occupants of any charabanc enjoying life in a Cheerigo Fun-Hat. And figures prove that in another twenty-eight years there will be *only one head in every charabanc not wearing a Cheerigo Fun-Hat!*'"

"Why won't it be?" demanded Mr. Fordchester, annoyed.

"It'll be the driver," answered the Managing Director coldly.

"Still don't quite get the angle for the campaign, sir," said Mr. Fordchester.

The Managing Director fixed the ceiling with the eye of a visionary.

"A vast and mighty pageant of holiday transport throughout the ages. A horse-drawn wagonette leads the way, loaded with jolly trippers wearing our first, tentative hats—"

"Wagonettes were before the firm's time, sir. I don't believe they wore paper hats at all."

"Well, there you are, that's another angle for you. Why did the wagonette outing fade away? Because in those unenlightened days there weren't any Cheerigo Fun-Hats to keep the merriment going. Coach proprietors, pier companies, seaside resorts, in despair—on the brink of bankruptcy. Along comes the Cheerigo to save them!"

"I see what you mean, sir," said Mr. Fordchester, with more enthusiasm.

"Thought you would. Right, then, there's this wagonette, with everybody looking miserable as dammit because they haven't got

paper hats to wear. Next, tableau of Hampstead Heath, with costers and their donahs exchanging hats. Why? Same reason. Then, bing! 1923! Cheerigo is born! Holiday resorts, fun centres everywhere, take on a new lease of life. 1951—the year that will go down in history as the Cheerigo Year. We could stop on that glorious note of triumph, or we might work out a prophetic job—a charabanc in fifty years time—"

"I don't profess to be an H. G. Wells," said Mr. Fordchester, "but if you ask me it'll be all aeroplanes in fifty years' time."

"You mean charabanes by air?" said the Managing Director.

"What I said," answered Mr. Fordchester.

"Oh!" said the Managing Director, momentarily baffled. "Well, they can still wear Cheerigo Fun-Hats, I suppose?"

"They'd blow off," said Mr. Fordchester.

"We'll make 'em with elastic under the chin," said the Managing Director, jotting down a note on his desk-pad.

"We do already," pointed out Mr. Fordchester. "Our Tyrolean Speciality."

"That'll be all right, then," said the Managing Director. "We'll already have the elastic connection."

"I begin to get the angle, sir," said Mr. Fordchester. "Wagonette to Aerobane. Cheerigo marches shoulder to shoulder with Progress. 1923—hat-happy holiday-makers throng the roads. 2023—hat-happy holiday-makers throng the stratosphere."

"The centenary touch," said the Managing Director approvingly. "I like that." He gave a wistful sigh. "It would be a wonderful thing, Fordchester, if the Cheerigo Fun-Hat was the first hat in the moon."

"By gosh, sir! We'd bring out a special model, with 'Hiya, Mister Moon!' on it!"

"Bring it out now, Fordchester! Bring it out specially for our cavalcade."

"A jump ahead of science!" cried Mr. Fordchester, his eyes shining.

"Just leading the way, Fordchester, just leading the way," said the Managing Director modestly.

COLIN HOWARD

3 3

Municipal Caution

"In consequence, an undertaking has been given by Mr. —— to give active consideration to the advisability of his Council being recommended to make an official approach to Mr. —— to see whether an additional licence could not be made available to meet this specific problem."—Official letter





THE SOUTH AFRICANS

IN a week's time, on June 7, the seventy-fifth test of strength between the cricketers of England and South Africa will begin at Trent Bridge, Nottingham. Weather permitting. So far this season the weather has permitted very little. The South Africans have made fitful, shivering appearances at Worcester, Bradford, Cambridge, Cardiff, Bristol, Lord's and Oxford, and have not once thawed out into the skilled and dashing cricketers we know them to be.

At Lord's in their match against the M.C.C. one day of authentic English summer was sandwiched between a Saturday of spine-chilling cold and damp and a Tuesday of lowering dripping skies and southern gales. This particular Monday was,

(with a run of fourteen yards), but he was never able to discard more than one of his sweaters, and at the end of each over he turned gratefully to the umpire, collected his woollies and wriggled into them in the manner of an arctic explorer pulling on a sleeping-bag. It would not surprise me to see the South Africans take the field at Trent Bridge in duffle coats and mittens, and with poultices on their chests.

One incident in the game at Lord's was loaded with irony. After lunch, with his score at one hundred

At Cape Town: England, 292 (R. Abel 120, W. H. Ashley 7 for 95). South Africa, 47 (J. Briggs 7 for 17) and 43 (J. Briggs 8 for 11).

I don't know what the weather was like for these two games, but I imagine it must have been rather untypical and inclement. In fact I am prepared to claim that the Tests, all seventy-four of them, have been decided very largely by wet and dry bulb thermometer readings, by the degree of refrigeration suffered by the South Africans in England and the pyro-



as I say, a real summer's day with puffs of cottony cloud sailing across a true blue sky and the sun shining thermally as well as luminously. It was warm enough for Compton to dab repeatedly at his brow with his rolled-up sleeve, and for Robertson, cosily surrounded by fielders, to fan himself with his cap. It was warm enough for the Tavern to do good business even while Compton displayed his remarkable talent and his famous broom shot to the square-leg boundary. Yet it was clearly not warm enough for the South Africans. Young McCarthy bowled energetically for long spells

and twenty-odd, Compton swiped at a ball from Chubb and lofted it to Mann fielding at mid-on. It was an easy catch, a sitter, almost a dolly; but Mann missed it. The sun was in his eyes.

It is sixty-three years since C. A. Smith (better known as Sir Aubrey Smith, actor and film star, or as "Round-the-Corner Smith") took the first English team to South Africa. Only two Tests were played and England won both. Scores:

At Port Elizabeth: England, 148 (A. R. Innes 5 for 43) and 67 for 2 wickets. South Africa, 84 (C. A. Smith 5 for 19) and 129.

metric enervation suffered by the English in South Africa.

It is not at all surprising to me that the only Test victory ever achieved by the South Africans in England occurred at Lord's in 1935, for the summer of that year was wonderfully hot and dry.

And it does not surprise me that South Africa should have been the real birthplace of the googly or "bosey." Oh, yes, I know that the inventor of this weird ball was our own B. J. T. Bosanquet, but the men who perfected it, brought googly bowling to a fine art and a match-winning factor in international

cricket, were the South Africans, men like Faulkner, Vogler (Apt Vogler, Browning would have called him), White and Schwarz. The googly is essentially subtropical, sirocco, Mediterranean: it is the clever bowler's answer to baked pitches, blistering feet and appalling heat. In England, in an ordinary summer, the googly is an expensive luxury. It is usually bowled by men with blue fingers and stiff muscles and it usually bounces twice before being smacked to the boundary.

It was wise, then, of the South African selectors to build their attack this summer on fast and medium-pace bowling, on a type of trundling guaranteed to keep the blood circulating, after a fashion, even under English skies.

Before I turn a critical eye on

Leveson-Gower. In this series the great Faulkner hit five hundred and forty-five runs and took twenty-nine wickets, and the apt Vogler took thirty-six wickets for twenty-one runs apiece. They both bowled without sweaters.

What chance have Nourse's men of equaling the feats of their forefathers? On paper their prospects are not very rosy. Since the war the South Africans have not won a single Test match in three series against England and Australia. In England, in 1947, they ran into featherbed wickets and Compton and Edrich in their most masterful mood; in 1948-49, with a team of expensive "experiments," they failed against F. G. Mann's sprightly fielders; and in 1949-50 they were thrashed by the Australians under Hassett. So on paper . . .

batting? You want a really good number five, a Paynter or a Leyland. And your bowling! No genuine speed-merchants, no leg-breakers of class, and no Rhodes, Verity or J. C. White."

I had to agree, but I reminded him that we still have our climate.

It is no part of a cricket reporter's job to forecast results (he should be fully occupied by the problem of getting his book—*Springbok Summer, The Noursemen or Cricketers from the Veld*)—into the hands of the publishers in time to catch the Christmas book-tokens) but I am ready and willing to offer the following prognostications: that Chubb and McCarthy will remove a lot of English stumps with violence; that McCarthy will improve considerably on his average against the Australians of 5 wickets for 536 runs,



the present team I should like to hark back for a moment to the South African sides and the weather of forty-odd years ago. In the southern summer of 1905-'06 South Africa, led by P. W. Sherwell, trounced England by four matches to one. P. F. Warner's team was outclassed by an eleven that remained unchanged throughout the series—a unique record—and contained such great figures as Vogler, Schwarz, Snooke, White, Hathorn and A. D. Nourse (sen.), the father of Dudley Nourse. This was the first series won by the South Africans and their margin of victory was really impressive: their matches were won by 243 runs, by an innings and sixteen runs, by one wicket and by nine wickets.

Four years later they defeated, by three matches to two, an English team that included Hobbs, Rhodes, Woolley, Denton, Blythe and

But then, on paper, England have little to crow about. Since the war we have lost three rubbers to Australia and two to the West Indies, and we are still harassed by dreadful problems. On the miserable Tuesday morning of the M.C.C. match I fell into conversation with a gentleman from Kimberley. He had been kind enough to lend me his binoculars so that I might study F. R. Brown and E. Rowan (Nourse was nursing a broken thumb) as they waded into the middle to inspect the covers; and in return, and scenting an early abandonment, I had offered him a corned-beef sandwich.

"Leaving Compton's knee on one side," he said, "where's your opening partner for Hutton?"

I mentioned Washbrook, Simpson, Lawson, Ikin and Kenyon, but he seemed unimpressed.

"And where's your middle

that Mann and Athol Rowan will bowl fewer long-hops and half-volleys than is strictly respectable, that Van Ryneveld, Mansell, Melle and Tayfield will take wickets in plenty if and when the team's catching improves, that Nourse, Eric Rowan, Cheetham, Fullerton, Endean, McLean, Waite, McGlew and Melle will find Bedser and Co. rather less difficult than the Lindwall, Miller, Johnson, Johnston, McCool combination, and that the weather will eventually improve.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



AT THE PICTURES

Payment on Demand—Roseanna McCoy

THERE is nothing at all fresh about the essentials of *Payment on Demand* (Director: CURTIS BERNHARDT); it might be called an absolutely typical Joan Crawford picture—absolutely typical, except that BETTE DAVIS happens to be in the Joan Crawford part. Considered as a serious work it is of no importance whatever; it is not (as they say) "about" anything, it casts no new light on human character or motives, it states no profound idea, it hasn't even got any overtones or undertones stimulating to thought. Yet because it is competently done, with convincing touches of detail, and decorated with entertaining flashes of incident and skilful pieces of acting, it can hold the interest even of anyone impatient with the emptiness and triviality of the story's foundation. Also Miss DAVIS is of course always worth watching, no matter how stereotyped and familiar the character she has to represent or how undistinguished the dialogue she is given to say. Here she is our old friend the "ruthless climber," the smart expensive woman intent on "success," and the film opens just as her husband (BARRY SULLIVAN) decides

he has had enough of it and astounds her by suggesting a divorce. Thereupon we get a number of flashbacks, prettily introduced with the device of a silhouetted scene that gradually reveals its details; the lady joins the "sisterhood" of solitary wives or ex-wives (some good satirical acid here) and goes on a cruise; and at last comes reconciliation and the happy ending, which will not exactly convince anybody who bears in mind the savage bitterness of disposition betrayed by the wife during the preparations for divorce. The idea is that her experience of being alone and the spectacle of other lonely wives showed her how wrong she was, but it's hard to believe that such simple things would have changed such a woman's outlook so completely. The title, once more, defeats me; I don't see its connection with the story, so I'm unlikely to remember it. But then the little entertaining incidents that most people will remember in the film itself have no real connection with the story either.



Roseanna McCoy

Kentucky Juliet
Roseanna McCoy—JOAN EVANS



[*Payment on Demand*]

Loser Takes All
Joyce Ramsey—BETTE DAVIS

this kind, between the Hatfields and the McCoys. It's rather too heavy, the passion is laid on too thick, but the picture comes out surprisingly well—chiefly because of one or two acting performances, in particular that of the invaluable ALINE MACMAHON as the McCoy mother. RAYMOND MASSEY and CHARLES BICKFORD also make a powerful impression as the heads of the respective families, and the whole Cold-Comfort-Farm atmosphere is quite effectively conveyed. But here again the "happy ending" (achieved by way of the sort of gun battle familiar as the climax of minor crime pictures) is hardly believable. And apart from those character portraits the best things, again, are the incidentals: the group of crones scaring the girl with traditional superstitions, the dancing and the sideshows at the county fair.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London, the new Fernandel picture *The Cupboard was Bare* has some gloriously funny moments; but the perfection of French comedy is still *La Ronde* (16/5/51).

Nothing outstanding among the releases, except perhaps JUDY HOLLIDAY's performance in *Born Yesterday* (9/5/51). More good fun in *You're in the Navy Now* (16/5/51).

RICHARD MALLETT

WELFARE STATE

"I WENT to get the new ration books to-day," the woman said.

The man said "Did you?"

"Yes."

Conversation wilted and died. The man undertook the obligation to revive it. "How long did it take you?" he asked her. "An hour?"

"Ten minutes."

"Ten minutes?"

The woman was launched. "People are such dopes," she informed him. "The first thing you have to do is fill in page four in the old book with your name and address and identity card number. It's obviously going to save you time to fill it in before you go."

The man said "Yes, I suppose it is."

"There isn't much point in taking it to the distribution centre and solemnly sitting down and filling it in there, is there?"

The man said "No, I suppose there isn't."

"You'd think people would realize that after all these years of rationing, wouldn't you?"

The man said "Yes, I suppose you would."

The woman seemed to regard the point as established. "Well, anyway," she continued with her tale, "when you've filled in page four you take the old book up to the counter and give it to the clerk. This clerk then gives it to another clerk, and tells you to wait. The second clerk then makes out the new book, and when it's ready he calls out your name."

The man saw a chance to cut out a clerk. "Why couldn't the clerk who makes out the new book take the old book from you in the first place?"

"The first clerk's got to check up on the old book, to see that you've filled it in right," the woman explained. She reverted to her fellow citizens. "Of course, they hadn't filled in page four, and the clerk—that's the first clerk," she reminded him, "had to send them over to a side table to do it."

The man began to appreciate the beauty of the organization.

"They hadn't brought their

identity cards with them," the woman elaborated, "and they didn't know their numbers, of course. You'd think they'd know them after all these years, wouldn't you? I know ours all right. They're ZHKA—"

The man said "I know."

"One or two of them seemed to have lost them. Well, all those things, you see," she continued, "got rid of a lot of people in front of me. If you'd got page four filled in all right the first clerk told you to go and sit on the right while the second clerk made out the new book. There were a lot of women," she disclosed, "sitting, they seemed to be waiting, on the left. When I went over and sat on the right they muttered something about getting

out of my turn, and they all got up from where they were sitting and came and sat down in front of me."

"And were you out of your turn?" the man asked.

"No, of course I wasn't out of my turn. They'd gone in when they got there, you see, and instead of going up to the counter they'd just gone and quietly sat down and got talking while they waited for something to happen."

"No progress at all." The man saw why she had got out so quickly. "So after going in at the end of the queue you came out practically the first."

"That's just what happened," the woman confirmed, and summed up her opinions. "Ridiculous, isn't it?" G. A. C. WITHERIDGE

GEORGE STAMPA

We have learned with very deep regret of the death, in his seventy-sixth year, of Mr. G. L. Stampa.

His first drawing for *Punch* was published in March 1894 and his last, the "decoration" that still appears weekly at the head of "Impressions of Parliament" was drawn in 1949. During the fifty-six years he worked so faithfully for this paper he contributed nearly two thousand five hundred drawings in all. From the middle 'thirties until his retirement he drew the caricatures for "At the Play," but he will be remembered chiefly, perhaps, for the London characters, the cockneys and ragamuffins that he delighted to depict in his humorous "social" drawings. He had a special gift for bringing a street scene, its old ladies, its policemen and its urchins, vividly to life. Keene and Phil May were his idols.

But George Stampa meant much more to *Punch* than the value of his contributions, great though that was. Everybody loved him. Gay, warm-hearted, always friendly, always amusing—he never failed to produce some fresh and fabulously entertaining anecdote from the rich past, generally with an air of incredulity at his audience's ignorance of so commonplace an affair—he was, with his bow-tie, his hat a little on one side, his love of talk, of a glass of wine and a cigar, perhaps the last of the Bohemians. To the end he carried about with him something of the flavour of Edwardian days; yet he never, in conversation or outlook, seemed to become "dated" or to live in the past. *Punch* and the Savage Club were his great loves. He was the acknowledged "Father" of the Club, by common consent the only possible occupant of the Chair at Christmas dinners. To *Punch* he was just "George," and we shall miss him sadly.

THE WRITER'S CRAFT

XIV. PATHOS

THERE can be no doubt that the skilful use of pathos will do much to help a young writer to success, but the possibilities of the method are strictly limited by the nature of the work. Poe it was, I think, who maintained that the situation most certain to arouse deep emotion in the greatest possible number of readers is that involving the death of a beautiful woman. Very possibly; but could we handle such a situation effectively in, for example, a "how-to-make" or an informative article? I doubt it. Let us then agree to confine our attention, for the time being at any rate, to fiction.

We must first be sure that we are quite clear in our minds as to what pathos *is*, a question not so well understood as might be supposed. Some years ago a young friend of mine brought me a short story for criticism. I praised it, in moderation, but found fault with a paragraph that described how the hero cut himself while shaving. This seemed to me redundant, and I said so.

"Why, that's my pathos!" he exclaimed.

"Nonsense, my dear fellow!" I laughed. "That's not pathos! Give us children robbed, broken limbs, sad partings, faithful dogs, financial disasters—any of these will set us fumbling for our handkerchiefs. A scratch from a razor is no more pathetic than a broken shoe-lace."

There are, of course, many means of securing pathos other than those I have mentioned, and keen students should whip out pencil and paper and make a list of all the situations they can devise that seem suitable. A man falling off a pier, for example: is there much pathos in that? More, say, than would be generated by a beautiful woman going down with bronchitis? Think it out.

Once we are clear in our minds as to the exact nature of pathos, we must turn our attention to the problem of how best to introduce it into our work. First, here is an example of how *not* to do it. The

passage is taken from a pupil's exercise and abounds in faults of all kinds, but we will ignore these, and concentrate on the handling of the pathos:

"Any luck, Ramthorn?"

"Young Bailey halted on his way along the river bank to shout the inquiry to the big lawyer, thigh-deep in the crystal flood and casting vigorously, pipe in mouth, like some eager terrier. The older man shook his head.

"And you?"

"Not a touch, I fear, dash it! By the way, Doctor Bannister has crashed over the parapet into Bridge Pool in his ear."

The big legal luminary looked concerned.

"Is he——?"

"I fear so. I had to hasten to Plane Tree, to get there before Baxter started fishing, so I couldn't stop. But the pool is about twelve feet deep there."

"There was an odd little silence. The older man removed his hat, his face working.

"He was well liked," he said huskily. "What flies are you using?" Etc., etc."

This is, of course, intolerably clumsy. Doctor Bannister has nothing whatever to do with the story, and the only reason for dragging him in is some vague hope that a pang may be wrung from the reader. The pathos must at all costs appear to arise naturally and inevitably from the events of the story.

Now for something perhaps a little better, taken from my serial, "The Adventures of William Wordsworth," to which I have alluded in a previous article:

"They will pass this way, if I mistake not."

Wordsworth's voice was calm and even, but there was a dead-white tinge in the sensitive face that told of inner turmoil. There will be three at least, but we should be able to overpower them without difficulty, since we shall leap out before they have time to drop their burden."

"Their burden being—De Quincey?"

"Yes." The veins stood out in knots on the poet's forehead, and his face set in formidable lines. "By heavens, Coleridge, if those curs——!"

"The other flexed his huge biceps with a grim smile. "Better for them that they had never been born," he said quietly. "How is—she?"

Wordsworth shook himself with the action of a fine brute that has been stung by some teasing insect.

"Beside herself," he replied shortly.

A network of mystification corrugated the magnificent brow of the younger man.

"I mean," said the other impatiently, "that she is desperate with anxiety. Have you ever seen a beautiful woman, Coleridge, half an hour after her husband has been sand-bagged and kidnapped by a gang of desperadoes?"

Coleridge's face darkened. "Once," he said curtly. "Wilson's men were after Southey on Helvellyn——"

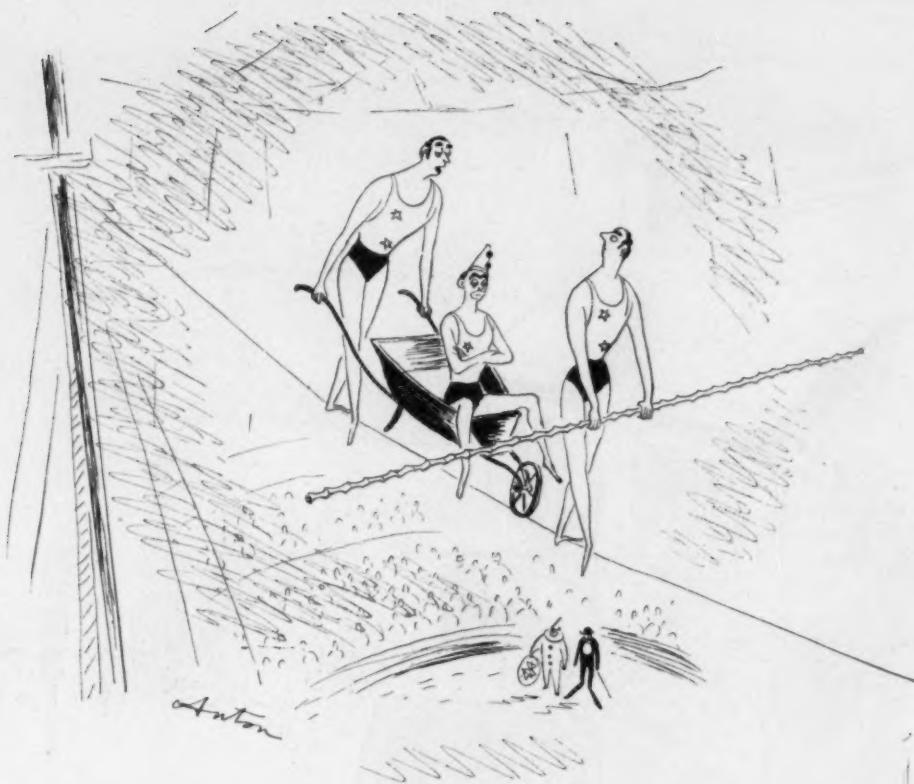
"It's not a pretty sight, is it? I tell you, man——" He broke off with a strangled sob. Suddenly he stiffened into a listening attitude. "Look out! Here they come!" Etc., etc."

I do not wish to appear in any way puffed up, but this, I fancy, is as good an example of the art of introducing pathos as any my readers are likely to encounter for many a long day. The extract is taken from the seventh episode of the serial. I read it in the old Boilemaker office, more years ago than I care to remember, to the editor and his assistant, neither of them by any means of an emotional temperament, and as I reached the words "strangled sob" we all three burst into tears as one man.

I suggest that readers should make a word-by-word study of this example, and then attempt half a dozen original passages on the same lines.

T. S. WATT





"Would you mind? I have a train to catch."

THE STAGE LOUNGE

TIME was when stage comedy was conducted exclusively in the drawing-room, for it concerned people who were never seen in any other room in the house. Nowadays stage comedy is normally conducted in a large room, elsewhere unknown to English architecture, called the lounge. Through a small recess at the centre back, the front door of the house opens directly into the room, and on either side of it two large windows admit the sunlight all day long and allow a glimpse of a well-kept garden. On the right hand a staircase leads to a gallery in which two doors stand immediately above the lounge windows—but these are only the stage architect's little joke. To open them would be to experience instant deportation into the garden. The family sleep in other rooms farther along the corridor.

Near the foot of the stairs is a door which leads to the drawing-room. It is evident from the sunshine which floods the lounge that the drawing-room has been built on the north side of the house. Such was not the way with stage architects fifty years ago: then it was the drawing-room which was flooded with sunshine. Not that it matters; the drawing-room is rarely used to-day; all the goings-on and all the best remarks blossom in the lounge.

At the back of the staircase a passage leads to the study, from which the owner of the stage lounge emerges from time to time to look for the newspaper, which he is always losing in the most amusing manner. He is a great smoker and his daughter can twist him round her little finger.

On the opposite side is a door down-stage which

leads to the dining-room, and one up-stage, leading to the kitchen, which has been placed by the stage architect on the sunny side of the house to enable the entertaining old servant to make the most of her entrances. Martha has been with the family for years. She is the only servant, for the owners of the elegantly appointed stage lounge are notoriously impecunious.

With three doors, a front door, a staircase, a passage, and two windows, the stage lounge might be expected to be cold and draughty, even with the large open fireplace which the stage architect has cleverly inserted between the kitchen and the dining-room doors: but evidently it is not—for the impecunious owners spend all their time in it, and it is always as neat as a pin and exquisitely decorated with flowers at all times of the year. It is the entertaining old servant who keeps the place so well, and the good old soul does nearly all her work at night; she is never seen doing anything but a little desultory dusting by day. "What we should do without Martha I cannot think," says the lady who lives in the stage lounge—and rightly, for one of the things her husband has always loved in her is the fact that she is incapable of doing anything at all except arrange the flowers. She does these beautifully and brings them in basketfuls from the garden, which the impecunious owners manage to keep so trim outside the sunlit windows.

If walls could talk, what stories could not the stage lounge tell! Everything happens here. If Martha has to interview the butcher it will be at the stage lounge door. It is in here that the son of the house announces that he is going to be a Communist and marry a fellow worker in Camden Town, and in here that his mother persuades the girl to renounce him, while she arranges a bowl of orchids which she has just picked in the front garden. It is in this room that the father of the house always finds the newspaper, and here that his adorable tomboy of a daughter conducts her love-affair with the vicar's son and is never seen by a soul except dear Old Martha, who comes in from time to time to see if anything wants dusting.

Much laughter, too, has been heard within these three walls, for the mother, who thinks caviar is a kind of fish paste, never can manage the housekeeping books, and the father is always finding funny bits in the paper, and Old Martha can be relied on for a pungent comment on everything. But bills can't be paid with laughter, and it is quite possible that there would have been an auction in the stage lounge (which is a dreadful thought) if the vicar's son, who is interested in art, had not discovered that for many years the mother had been using a genuine Rubens for a fire-screen. And so, after all, the bills are paid, and the son joins the Conservative party and marries a nice girl who has loved him all along, and the daughter marries the vicar's son. But even with the family fortunes restored the owners of the stage lounge are unable to abandon the old way of life. Now that the children are gone it is so much more cosy, they say, in the room with the four doors, and the passage, and the staircase. Besides, dear Old Martha would seem all wrong in the drawing-room.

BACK ROOM JOYS

DRIVING AT NIGHT

DRIVING at night, a long drive through the country
we mean,

On a warm night in summer or spring,
Is a pleasant, particular, headlight-created thing,
A continuous stage with a constantly opening scene,
With its greenery greener than green
And the simplified, overdone shadows on tree-trunks,
on walls

As they look from the dark of the stalls . . .

Scene 1—An Old Village. What rounded, voluptuous
thatch,

What cobblest cobbles! We swing, and our headlights
catch

A musical-comedy Inn-front, a property Pump . . .
Now the country again. Scene 2 is A Forest Glade.
There's a fallen tree with the mossiest canvas stump
All beautifully coloured and most convincingly made.
Even the rabbits we meet are less rabbits than bunnies—
Absolute little honeys—
As they scamper away to the wings.

Driving at night, in fact, with the engine purring,
In the depth of the night when nobody else is stirring,
Is one of the pleasantest things.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



PILGRIMS

The Kent County Council is re-signposting the Pilgrims' Way for the Festival of Britain.

BY morwe, at the springing of the daye,
From Ospringe as we wente upon ure weye,
Wher is a litel strem that ronmeth clere,
Ful lude sange we al, with murie chere;
And whan we were y-comen to a bille,
"Sir Poet," cryde ure Host, "now speek thy fille
Of Engelond, that is ure own countree!"
"Sir," quod I, "at thy hest, so shal it be;
Now sitteth down, I prey, and herkenneth alle,
Up-on ure holy daye and festivalle.
Though litel be your catel and your rente,
And ye be taxed by the Governmente
Of more gold than ye can wel afforde,
Now listne everichoon un-to my worde:
I wolde, lordings, that ye keepe in minde
The men of old, that were your kith and kinde,
And longe y-go, six hundredre yeres and more,
Up-on this pilgrimage han gon bi-fore,
And tolde tales, and sange songs, I trow,
Along this weye ther as we ride now.
Now watcheth alle, with bright and open ye,
How nine-and-twenty in a compayne,
From Southwerk at the Tabard wher they laye,
Through blostmes and the tendre floures gaye
Wente ones for to doon hit pilgrimage
In this dere lond, that is ure heritage."

"God give thee grace," quod he, "for thy tale.
And drinke we alle anon a pinte of ale,
For, certes, stent hard by a litel toun
That is by men y-called Bob-up-and-doun."

So altogedir in o compayne
We were y-comen to the hostelry
Up-on a hill, by Cantorbery weye.
"Filleth," quod he, "and han namore to seye!"
Then dranke we alle in frendshipe oon with oon,
With heretes glade and murie everichoon;
And ther we were in felawshippe y-falle
With sondry folk, but shadwas were they alle.

G. H. VALLINS







REPORT ON THE SOUTH BANK

V. MORE WATER WITH IT

YOU can storm the Exhibition from the north by tram and Bailey Bridge, from the south by train and Festival escalator, from the east by private transport and an invigorating hike from the car park, or from the west by having a friend in County Hall who will smuggle you out of a side door. But you may have something against all these lines of assault: trams make you sick, perhaps (or you are constitutionally incapable of remembering which end to get off), and you may be nervous of the Bailey's creakings, remembering with a sudden qualm that this kind of bridge is simply thrown across a river; you may have entrained for Waterloo every morning for thirty years, and be sick of the sight of it; perhaps you have never attained motorist status; and if you do know somebody at County Hall you may not feel certain that he will give you leg over the fence without first sidetracking you into the L.C.C.'s own exhibition, whose gay enticements

to study "The South Bank Past and Present" are undoubtedly accepted by unthinking thousands as a mere extension of Mr. Gerald Barry's rival frontage.

Never mind: there is another way. I mean, of course, the river. Exhibitions, if they are to be given a fair chance, need to be approached in a good temper; a jaunt on the Thames can be relied upon to add a special flavour of delight to almost any sort of excursion—one should probably except those one-way trips to Traitor's Gate—and I can't think why anyone should visit the South Bank by any of the land routes when he can scud serenely along London's one broad, unjammed thoroughfare, where the road is never up, the lights are never red (well, you know what I mean), and the traveller never finds himself becalmed in a narrow alley behind a horse-drawn dray full of double stout. The City worker, used to being immobilized for half an hour at a time in a throbbing wedge of buses on London Bridge, will be pleased to learn that at the north end of it he can descend to the newly-opened Old Swan pier and sail with speed, comfort and no

interruptions except a couple of scheduled pauses right up to the very boats of Siegfried Charoux's "Islanders," towering splendidly outside Sea and Ships. There is a direct service from Greenwich to the Exhibition, and from Hammersmith to the Festival Gardens; a shuttle service links these two main objectives, and the water-buses tack and circle from one to another of fourteen smartly-painted piers; for the leisurely adventurous there is the long-distance ("tripping," officially) service between Westminster and the backwoods of Hampton Court. On all but the water-buses a bar is permanently open.

But I shall be getting myself into trouble if I infect too many millions with my enthusiasm. When the Lord Mayor of London inaugurated the Festival river services last month, after a splendid water-procession which included among other celebrities Doggett's Men, Swan Uppers and Ministers of the Crown, he spoke warmly of the efforts being made to "restore the River Thames as a traffic artery through London," but I'm sure he wouldn't want the capital's trams,

buses and trains abandoned to crumble in their depots; nor would the London Transport Executive; nor, come to that, would the pilgrim public. The pooling of resources by the boat owners has yielded between eighty and ninety launches, and putting their average capacity at a hundred exhibition-goers we can see that any undue access of river-mindedness might well result in angry queues, letters to *The Times*, questions in the House, and the foundering of the West India Dock pier under the weight of would-be visitors to the Exhibition of Architecture at Poplar. So don't all rush. All I say is that before father goes grey during the summer holidays trying to plan how to get to the South Bank he might bear in mind that the Thames passes the door.

He might also (I do hope this will be taken kindly) brush up his information about the sights of London as seen from mid-stream. I made my trip on a water-bus (-wagon!) and, not least among the many unadvertised diversions, enjoyed studying oracular heads of provincial families sadly mis-educating their wide-eyed brood. Of the buildings, the Tate Gallery struck the most surprising sparks of information—anything from the College of Heralds to St. Thomas's Hospital seemed to fit—and the bridges came in for some terrible insults: to have the Albert pointed out as the Chelsea may not leave too lasting a scar on the juvenile mind,

but a small girl in a tartan mackintosh who faces her next general knowledge paper in the confident belief that Blackfriars railway bridge is the old Waterloo is unfairly handicapped, especially when she has already gazed raptly at the Savoy Hotel under the impression that it is New Scotland Yard.

I ought to say that it is not difficult to become confused. Owing to the necessity of approaching each landing-stage with her bows into the tide ("Steadies me stern, see?" explained the captain of my water-bus, his clear blue eyes ranging calmly out between the brim of his old felt hat and the collars of his two overcoats) the boat proceeds in a long blotting-paper doodle of loops and circles. Thus we approach the pier at, say, Charing Cross, by going well past it, turning round and coming back; and the informative parent who, about to point out the Shot Tower, cautiously pauses to get confirmation from his map in the middle of this manoeuvre, finds on looking up that he is describing how they used to pour molten lead down Cleopatra's Needle. I imagine that when this has happened once or twice to a man in a floating saloon-bar he goes up on deck and stands for the rest of the trip with his hat off. However, they all seem to get the Skylon right, that's something. But, again, it is unwise to call attention to this structure with too proprietorial an air. "Look, Victor, the Skylon," they say, just as if they'd



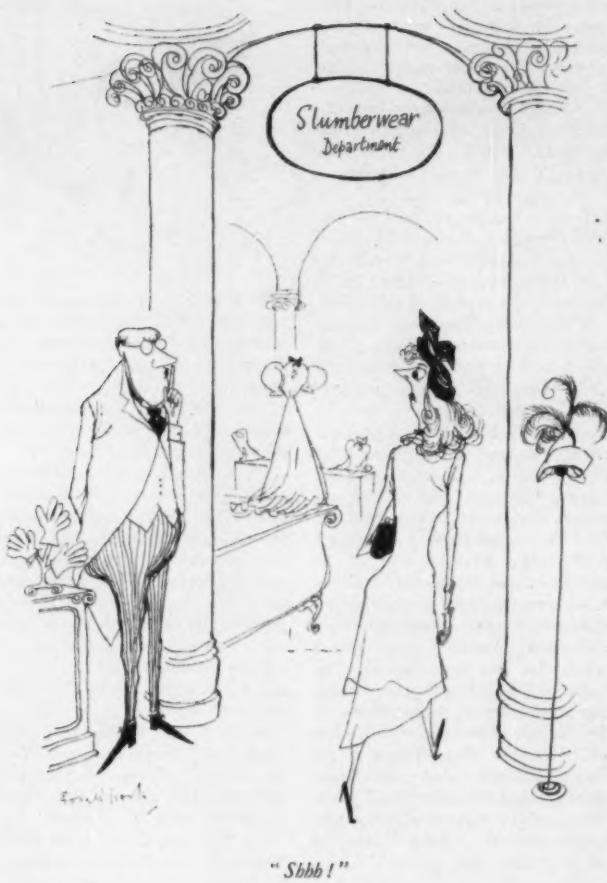
built it with their own two hands, and quite fail to foresee the young student's inevitable come-back, unblunted by its passage through a mouthful of currant bun: "What's it for, Dad?" (Recommended answer: "Come away from that rail—how many more times!")

Yes, there is no doubt about the exhilarating effect of an approach by water; it has, paradoxically enough, something intoxicating about it; the determination to have fun is heightened. Three ladies who accompanied me to the Pleasure Gardens derived great enjoyment, for instance, from the names of boats, beginning with politely modulated chuckles over a hay-barge named *Queen of the Tide*, laughing outright at the launch *Mayflower* and wiping their eyes quite openly at a police boat. When the striped, gilt-capped pylons of Battersea pier hove in sight simultaneously with a blackened tug, *Dolly Mariner*, one of them would have fallen into the scuppers but for a wild grab at the back of the seat in front. This caused a small folding-table, hitherto unnoticed, to come to the ready position, an occurrence which set them shrieking with uninhibited joy. "To put your sandwiches on, dear!" they roared, rolling. It just shows you.

As a believer in the pooling of experience for the common good I must conclude with a warning against asking friends to wait with you in one of the Exhibition bars until such a time as the illuminations are to be advantageously seen from the river. The boats stop sailing at dusk. I myself lost two whole evenings in this way—and the days are getting longer all the time.

J. B. BOOTHROYD





STARS ROUND MY HEAD

THE hatter reminded me of someone. He was a small hatter, and either there was something wrong with his trousers or he went about with his knees bent; and his eyes, behind their gold-rimmed glasses, were strangely mobile—though what I chiefly noticed about his eyes was the way they flew up to the clock when I went in. I do not like to feel that I am being squeezed breathless against closing-time.

"I want a hat," I said, "that will—"

But he had turned away after the first four words. In a shop that sold nothing but hats he had become reconciled to statements of the obvious.

"As I was saying," I went on, rather more loudly—"a hat that will make me dashing, like Dane Clark; magnetic, like Maxwell Reed; dynamic like—"

"Dirk Bogarde," said the hatter, handing me a dark brown felt with a deferential roll of the eyes.

"Thank you. I see you study

the press publicity of the Hatters' Development Council."

I put on the hat and looked in the mirror. I recognized the hat, but the rest was disappointing. As I remembered, this particular hat invested Mr. Bogarde with an imposing facial bone structure and strong white teeth. With it was just a brown hat with the end of a nose showing under it.

"It's your hat, sir," said the man, reaching for his bill-pad.

I disagreed. I said that I liked to see where I was going. He came round the front and flicked up the brim deftly. This revealed the whole nose and the lower lashes but was not otherwise highly dynamic. Even he saw that. He glided round the back and whipped the thing off, briefly perusing the interior.

"You did say six and three-quarters?" he said. He brushed his black moustache quickly in both directions. "We shall have to put a little padding in." He began taking strips of felt out of his pocket and ramming them under the inner band.

"Stop that," I said. I have worn padded hats before. The padding gets left on hat-pegs and it becomes a common thing for strangers to stop you in the street and point out that ribbons of folded newspaper are hanging down your back. This is not the sort of thing, I imagine, that happens to Messrs. Bogarde, Clark and Reed. "Try four and a half," I said. "I've had a haircut."

The hatter staggered at the size. "Dash it all—" he began, the imminence of closing-time nibbling at his professional poise.

"Well, you know what I mean—something smaller. But dynamic, mind."

While he was up the ladder I meditatively put on my old hat. It had occupied its time in splaying out ludicrously with a Randolph Scott effect. In the mirror I was a not very dressy sheriff in a hard collar.

"Trevor Howard," said the hatter, giving me something greenish, with a band of plaited wool. I put it on. Mr. Howard would not have recognized himself. It sat high on my head, like a scrimped, utility

tea-cosy. Although I tilted it to the left, the brim-curl came over my right eye.

"I look drunk," I said.

The man came loping back from pushing up the sun-blind. He had got a mackintosh from somewhere and put it on, the belt hanging loosely.

"You're what?" he said.

He came round in front of me, glancing quite openly at the clock. Gathering himself for a moment he sprang at the hat, seizing it by both sides and swinging on it. The operation was painful and a little disconcerting, but when he side-stepped out of my line of vision I was pleasantly surprised by the improvement. I hadn't admired the effect for more than a minute when I realized that something was happening. Stepping closer to the mirror I saw that the hat was climbing stealthily up my scalp; when it had gained about an inch and a half it went *snick* and bounced slightly, the brim simultaneously turning up all the way round.

"So that's a snap brim," I said.

He circled me. "Pop it on the stretcher," he said, whipping it off and disappearing behind a screen. There were creaks and mutterings. I looked in the mirror, worried. As far as I could see, my head was the standard shape. It grew evenly out of the neck. Its ears, to all appearances, were attached at approximately the same spot as Gregory Peck's or Robert Taylor's. Why did any hat, once placed upon it, become either a carnival novelty or a hastily adapted radiator-muff?

The man came back, running, taking a lot of polished wood out of the hat. He pushed it at me and ran crouching to the door, where he noisily arranged the burglar-proof gate within a foot of the closed position.

"It's your hat, sir," he said on his return, not looking at it, but performing the considerable feat of fastening his mackintosh belt with one hand and writing out a bill with the other.

I didn't contradict him this

time. It wasn't Trevor Howard's hat, certainly, but it might just possibly be mine. It had a rakishness. It—

The clock struck five with harsh, insistent strokes. On the first stroke the hatter placed a small cigar in his mouth-corner; on the last he rang up the cash register. We were both at the door before the echoes had died away. I carried the sheriff's hat in a large paper bag. Mr. Howard's (as I preferred to think of it) I wore. Defiantly. As the hatter slammed the gate with a wild roll of the eyes he reminded me of someone more than ever. Then he put his hat on. That did it.

"Groucho Marx!" I shouted, pointing. And I laughed. This was not only rude, but unwise. I felt the slow creeping at my temples, heard the slight *snick* as the brim turned up all the way round. I threw a panic glance at myself in the shop window. It was unnecessary for the hatter to yell out "Buster Keaton" as he lunged with bent knees after his bus. J. B. BOOTHROYD





Seeking Revenge
Hamlet—MR. ALEC GUINNESS

AT THE PLAY

Hamlet (NEW)—*Richard III* (THÉÂTRE ROYAL DES GALERIES, BRUSSELS)
Fancy Free (PRINCE OF WALES)

THE *Hamlet* at the New is likely to be known as the Hide-and-Seek Hamlet, so much of it is played in the dark. Mr. ALEC GUINNESS and his co-producer, Mr. FRANK HAUSER, are determined to prove Elsinore the worst-lit castle in Europe. The curtain rises on battlements so pitchy that we can only guess at the identity of the soldiers. No doubt battlements are dark, but a beginning so murky that it strains the eyesight of the audience leaves no excuse in nature for the lights subsequently needed for the ghost. This obsession with the total eclipse recurs, with very artificial results. When the King at last grasps the significance of the players' interlude the lights go out and his agonized face is picked up in a powerful spotlight, while the crown and gloves of the murderer are made visible by some curious device; and the King's cry of "Give me some light!" comes strangely from a man monopolizing several thousand watts. And when *Hamlet*, on his way

upstairs, wanders about the wings of an inky stage shouting "Mother! Mother!" as if he were lost, one cannot repress the feeling that he might have known his way to his mother's bedroom. By bad luck on the first night faults in the lighting system added uncertainty to these unhappy experiments.

Mr. GUINNESS's *Hamlet*, of which we had such hopes, is disappointing. It is purposefully unromantic, and played in a mood of cool, almost sardonic, precision; it is beautifully spoken, but so drily that the poetry evaporates; and although *Hamlet*'s high intelligence comes through, feeling is wanting, and we are left curiously unmoved. The rest of the acting is patchy. Far the most successful character is *Polonius*, to whom Mr. ALAN WEBB most amusingly gives the fading mentality of a still astute old man. Mr. WALTER FITZGERALD makes the *King* a hearty vulgarian who speaks verse erratically. The *Queen* and *Ophelia* are taken unremarkably by Miss LYDIA SHERWOOD and Miss INGRID BURKE. Mr. MICHAEL

GOUGH is a *Laertes* singularly without charm, but Mr. ROBERT URQUHART's *Horatio*, Mr. ROBERT SHAW's *Rosencrantz* and Mr. STANLEY HOLLOWAY's *Gravedigger* enliven what seems a long evening. The sets and dresses are not pleasing. M. MARIANO ANDREU is usually more ingenious, and the fur hat he has set on top of Mr. GUINNESS is a handicap no actor could safely carry.

The Belgian National Theatre, which started work in 1945 and is ably directed by M. JACQUES HUISMAN, has already made a name for itself. It is the nearest thing in Belgium to the Old Vic, and runs a second company of promising young actors which corresponds closely to the Young Vic. Both its companies present modern plays of merit as well as classics.

I have just been to Brussels to see the first production ever put on in Belgium of *Richard III*, and found it an exciting experience. The translation was by the French dramatist, M. ANDRÉ OBEY, and the producer was an Englishman, Mr. MICHAEL LANGHAM. It is interesting to see Shakespeare done not only in another language but in poetic prose, because shorn of the mesmerism of verse his craftsmanship is easier to appreciate; here the drama of the play was what mattered most, and what drama it is! The gradual conversion of the stage into a morgue was conducted more conversationally than verse would have permitted; frequent



Finding Fun
MR. TOMMY TRINDER

variations of pace and pitch (*Clarence*, terrified almost to madness, got a striking effect by talking with his gaoler in whispers) built up and held a tension to which Mr. LANGHAM added by very skilful lighting and quick continuity. Music was used only to set the atmosphere of a scene, and dramatic silences were admirably judged.

The acting had vigour and intelligence. The *Richard* of M. RENÉ HAINAUX was more buoyant in his cynical humour than is usual; but he was sinister as well, loping evilly about the stage and coming out of the wall like a malevolent spider. His duel with *Richmond* was terrific. The *Clarence* of M. MARCEL BERTEAU was excellent, and so was M. ANDRÉ GEVREY's *Richmond*. I was very much struck by the way the women fairly spat their hatred at *Richard*, in particular Mlle. MAXANE, who gave a lovely performance as the old *Duchess of York*. The *Marguerite* of Mlle. MADELEINE BARRES and the *Anne* of Mlle. YVETTE ETIENNE were also accomplished.

Coming from this packed and perfectly silent theatre to the New, where the coughing was monstrous, made me wonder whether Belgium is all that healthier, or simply better-mannered.

Fancy Free is nearly barren of wit, but full of broad—sometimes very broad—humour. Designed to set off the earthy cockney bonhomie of Mr. TOMMY TRINDER, it can also boast Miss PAT KIRKWOOD, a sparkling entertainer, good straight dancing by Mr. ALAN and Miss BLANCHE LUND, musical tricks by Mr. KEN WHITMER, and lively acrobatic dancing by Mr. BOBBY BRANDT. On the whole it is naïve but winning; which Mr. TRINDER is too.

Recommended

Very strongly, the twin productions at the St. James's, where Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh and a notable company play memorably *Cæsar and Cleopatra* and *Antony and Cleopatra*. Shaw's and Shakespeare's attitudes to history make a fascinating comparison. ERIC KEOWN

DOWN IN THE FOREST

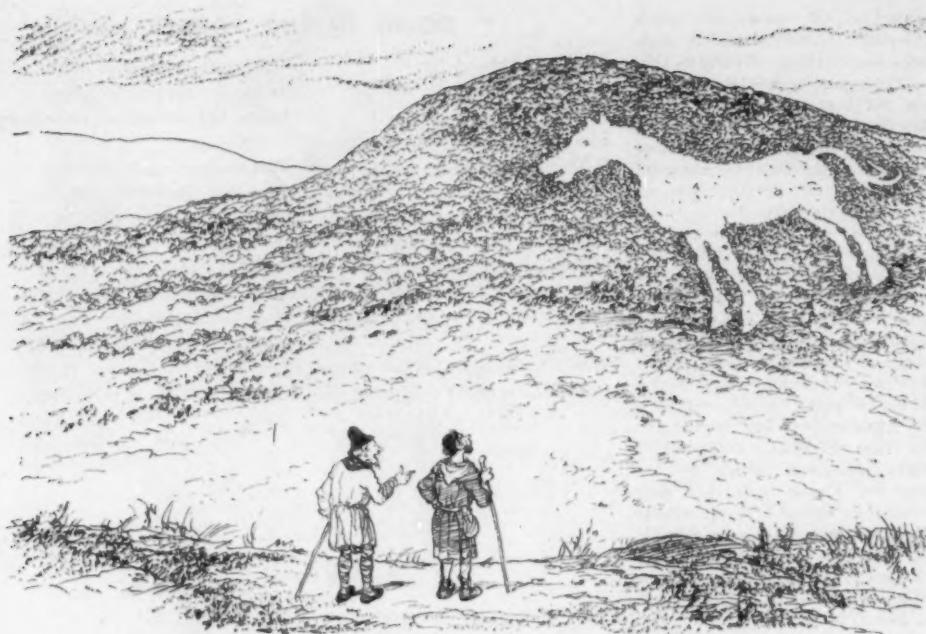
IN the forests of the lawn
Where the steamy, summer
dawn
Loads the massive trunks of grass
With enormous fruits of glass;
Where the ant and beetle thread
Labyrinthine ways ahead
And the spider bridges span
Chasms meaningless to man—
Is the time with terror fraught
When I roll my Juggernaut?

Where the jungle's matted aisles
Stretch for insectiv'rous miles

Dark, rectangular and dense
To the frontiers of the fence;
Where the worm-made mountains
rise
Past the tree tops to the skies—
Are there headless horrors seen
'Neath my whirring guillotine?

Ah! if all for certain knew
Grief with grass inversely grew
Then could inclination yield
Insects an untroubled field—
Nor would I have need to dress
Sloth in clothes of kindliness!





"That fellow Alfred must spend a fortune in advertising."

SUMMER

THERE are so many things that a keen writer could say about summer that it is difficult to know where to begin, unless you brush aside the poetic stuff, buttercup-dusted meadows and all that, and plunge straight into the subject of sun-hats. I think this as good a beginning as any, because nothing better symbolizes the promise of summer; and the true sun-hat, white cotton and made in sections like a melon and worn by the young, has perhaps a more age-long connection with summer than either cricket or ginger-beer can claim. As a direct contrast we have—going by way of those huge Mexican straws, relics of abroad that winter on cupboard-tops and are worn for their publicity value in private—the cartwheel. Cartwheels are, of course, the hats that fashionable women wear at garden parties. Their wearers get photographed trying to hold them on, and they are generally regarded as object lessons reflecting credit on the quiet types who read the evening papers. These hats are not, by the way, at all *like* cartwheels, which when thought of always have earth on the spokes.

Summer has rather a grip on fashion, which is inclined to overrate the relation of the playsuit, whatever that is exactly, to ordinary life. Fashion, in its turn, used to have a grip on that department of summer

known as sunburn, but times have changed since the 'twenties and I should say that most people think they have overdone it if they sit down to supper feeling that their faces are helping to warm the room. This reminds me to say something about eating outdoors. Picnics have been much written about, and meals in the garden hardly less so, but not nearly enough has been said about people having their lunch in the sort of garden with houses each side. They tend to eat over-casually, to adopt a gay alfresco attitude directed at the unseen watchers and designed to indicate that the unmatched china and the tea-stain are deliberate. By the end of such a meal sensitive eaters will have stopped taking even their bread-boards for granted, but they will be rewarded by a new approach to the washing-up, something to do with not having seen the kitchen since they went back to fetch the spoons.

Shops have their own way of celebrating the summer. Little dark shops abandon their oil-stoves for electric fans which stand on a back shelf and fascinate the customer by their head-turning interest in life; and another thing small shops go in for is an extraordinary door-stop, seen nowhere else and very difficult to describe unless you imagine the sliced-off end of a door-scraper and then add some ornamental

weight to the base. Some of these shops prefer a fourteen-pound tin of distemper, which gives the customer whose kick was the one to dislodge it the chance of looking intelligent and putting it back. While there is always of course the door that just stays open by itself, so that by saying "Do you want the door open?" the public can remind shopmen that, though they are no longer being asked if they want the door shut, the hot weather does not mean the end of their troubles.

So far I have made it sound as if summer was all hot weather, and I don't see why I shouldn't go on that way. In very hot weather efficient householders draw the curtains and shut the windows in the right rooms at the right time of day, a device taken, however indirectly, from sultrier climates and a good talking-point at cocktail parties, which have their own summer character. The ice gets more publicity, and the host does not have to keep remembering that he was aiming at the coal-scuttle before he got sidetracked. In the summer fireplaces often get covered up with lupins for parties, and are admired during silences by the sort of quiet person who bags half the sofa and does most of her talking up and sideways.

In general—parties or not, lupins or crumpled up newspaper topped with toffee papers—a summer sitting-room can only with difficulty be imagined in winter. On the other hand it is the easiest thing in the world, when you are lying in bed on a cold dark morning, to see yourself jumping out on a hot sunny morning; and, to do justice to the human race, it does make quite a good job of getting up in the summer. It may even get up before it has to and walk round the garden, taking a census of the flowers and coming back to report on the weather. I don't need to describe how a morning looks when it's going to be hot; but those of my readers who had girlhoods and spent them in boarding schools may like to remember how a voice came round banging on the dormitory doors and shouting "Cotton dresses." Some of these dresses—the ones with no waist—might look funny now, but to think of them is to be knocked sideways with atmosphere recaptured.

You can't reflect on summer at school without remembering also the plays that were acted in the garden; I mean the professional productions. They were always Shakespeare and nearly always *Twelfth Night* or *As You Like It* or something equally well suited to the surrounding bushes; and what got the audience, or did in those unsophisticated days, was not only the immortal verse or the hole made in the afternoon's routine; it was catching sight of the actors off-duty behind a hedge—in fact *they* were sometimes looking round the hedge at *us*—and, when it was all over, having them actually walk past you, so near that you could see the charcoal lines on their faces. If that's not what writers on the theatre mean by the magic of the footlights, I don't know what is.

ANDE

2 2
Safe Bet

"ENGLAND JOINT FAVOURITES FOR 4TH TEST AT SYDNEY."
"Egyptian Gazette"

CHANNEL ISLAND

ONE spring, when a great gale had blown all night
And only towards dawn began to die,
We left our beds and climbed with the first light
Between the wind-scorched world and the white sky

Up to the roof-ridge. Breathlessly revealed
In the wild, colourless brilliance of the day,
Steeple and roof, headland and hill and field,
Beneath the house the island streamed away.

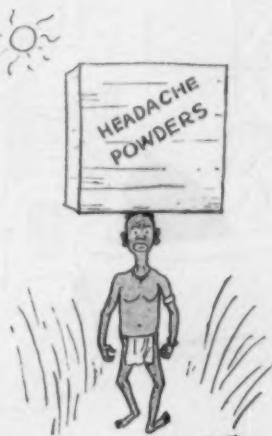
Hundreds of daffodil buds lit the dark grass
Like tethered stars. Beyond the garden trees
The low, ranged ridges of the greenhouse glass
Glittered in the grey light like frozen seas.

Poplar and pine, as high as we were high,
Waved their distracted tops on either hand.
All round, against the windy walls of sky,
The blue and angry sea shut in the land.

There it all was, our world, there in our sight,
These few square miles of land in the sea's clasp,
Compact and palpable, beautiful as light,
Completely adequate to a child's grasp.

That was a time of blessed imprisonment,
A native exile that was all we knew,
And we were captives utterly content
To live in the salt bonds in which we grew.

P. M. HUBBARD



BOOKING OFFICE

London Pride

WITH its face scrubbed and painted, and its Festival bringing a fresh future to the South Bank, London is in the news. That it has been there for a very long time is hard to remember if we know it only by its main streets and sprawling suburbs. Six books, arriving punctually to satisfy our fashionable curiosity, are ample reminders of the different Londons that stretch back to greet the Romans. Of them all, I have got most pleasure from *Old Bankside*, by Miss Grace Golden, whose love and understanding of the ancient glories of Southwark shine out of every page and out of each of her accomplished drawings.

"The whole street is a continual ale-house," Dekker said of Bankside, just after Shakespeare had finished working at the Globe, when the players' expulsion from the City had brought most of the wilder spirits south across London Bridge (until 1750 the only one); and it was to the Bear Ring here that Elizabeth, to ease the wear and tear of diplomacy, took the French Ambassador, much as Mr. Morrison might conduct Mr. Vyshinsky to a boxing match. Up to the Reformation, however, Bankside was somewhat sobered by a heavy deposit of ecclesiastical foundations, and by the presence of the Bishop of Winchester. During the Black Death and the Plague it was a burying ground. In the eighteenth century small business improved its tone, so that by 1800 the entire river front was occupied by traders and craftsmen who lived above their wharves. Then came bigger business, hideously blotting out many

of the best corners; but much that is good remains. Bandyleg Walk, Theeves Lane, Pepper Alley, and Cardinal's Cap Alley are names that carry the authentic Southwark ring. This is a nostalgic book, as it is bound to be. How can we look back without regret to the great Frost Fairs on the frozen Thames, or to the almost Venetian pageantry of the Lord Mayor's water-borne procession, so foolishly abolished in 1856 in favour of the far duller perambulation of to-day? My only quarrel with Miss Golden is over her sweeping statement that Saxon buildings were unlovely. I can think of some churches in Norfolk that would raise their arches a little if they could hear that.

For a general account of the town, pleasantly gossipy and well illustrated, there is Mr. Anthony Weymouth's *Of London and Londoners*. This gives a clear idea of the ups and downs of London's growth—the ups being booms, and the downs depressions, fires and sickness; it is agreeably laced with social history, and contains much useless but welcome information, such as that death was the penalty for swimming near the Tower in the time of Edward III, and that no more than one hundred and fifty years ago Knightsbridge bore so evil a name that a squadron of light horse patrolled after dark between Hyde Park Corner and Kensington. A doctor, the author is particularly interested in public health, and all through his book one is struck by the innocence that prevented otherwise shrewd aldermen from seeing any connection between London's appalling sanitation (of which there are some ripe contemporary descriptions) and the epidemics which regularly laid low its citizens. Another point he stresses is that traffic jams are nothing new. If anything they were worse with slower-moving vehicles.

Two twin sets complete the list. *London Treasures* consists mainly of attractive photographs of things and places worth looking at; these have been selected with imagination, and range from the Grinling Gibbons font saved from St. James's, Piccadilly to a lovely close-up of a swan on the Serpentine. A foreword by Mr. Meadows White presents London without tears. The companion volume, which has fewer illustrations but more text, is *London Business Cavalcade*, edited by Mr. Alexander Howard and Mr. Ernest Newman. In this the development of a number of our larger firms is related with suitable respect.

The second pair covers London in two delightful documentaries that seem to answer all the demands of Festival bedside books: excellent photographs with brief, helpful captions. In *Rural London in Pictures* both are by Mr. E. O. Hoppé; in *Pageant of London* the writing is by Mr. Harold F. Hutchison, but the photographer is anonymous. In the first of these books you make the grand tour of those exciting survivals of country life and architecture trapped by the Industrial Revolution in the body of the monster, and in the second you rubberneck from the best seats at the endless variety of its life.

ERIC KEOWN

"Bet you a shilling—'I didn't buy a television set to listen to wretched gramophone records' . . ."

DAVID SAYER

Fifty-Year Plan

Miss Barbara Ward, seeing the assault on the Western world as an attempt to throw mankind back to the sorrowful ancient tyrannies of Egypt and Assyria, puts forward a group of proposals for containment of the enemy and easement of the stresses that give him opportunity for penetration. Her three prime requisites as outlined in *Policy for the West* are effective joint defence, maintenance of economic stability and a visibly assured development programme for the free nations of Asia. Her language is admirably clear, her objective never in doubt, and she swims through the swirl of trade cycles, rates of exchange, devaluation and all the other market technicalities with no more difficulty than she finds in brushing aside the distorted pretensions of Russian propaganda. Remembering how the Romans built their wall against barbarism to stand not for years but for generations she plans for half a century, greatly taking heart from those examples of courage and mutual generosity already discovered among the free peoples.

C. C. P.

Utopia Unlimited

Almost all the early communistic associations in North America which Mark Holloway describes in *Heavens on Earth* failed eventually. They failed through the cupidity of individual members, or through their insincerity; sometimes through ill-luck, or through settling in unsuitable country; sometimes simply because "the persons brought together were strangers to one another"; but never, it seems, through unsoundness in the settlements' constitutions. Every prospectus pleased, and only man was vile. Mr. Holloway is careful never to mock at his subjects; he can smile kindly at Fourier's cosmology (he believed that the sea would turn into lemonade and men grow tails with eyes in them) or at the "strange tongues" of the Shakers, but he is always quick to perceive merit where it exists, as it often did.

B. A. Y.

Fearful Odds

As single-handed enterprise without capital is barely possible on the land to-day, Mr. Crichton Porteous's agriculturist errant is born into an unspecified era which one would diagnose, from its standards of rural infelicity, as Edwardian. But the background's want of precision and completeness is a real obstacle to the enjoyment of *Wild Acres*, which is the portrait of a young man up against his age. Jack Iden is depicted as confronting a series of local types: a brutal, hard-working father, a sluttish, incontinent mother, a farmer and a school-inspector during his childhood—and then, when he runs away at seventeen, a succession of employers, three girls and a money-lender. Jack, whose strongest suit is his appetite for and interest in the land, gets little help, except the calamitous aid of the moneylender. The stroke by

which Mr. Isador Sykes is routed and his victim simultaneously reconciled to matrimony is the book's most successful concession to the technique of fiction.

H. P. R.

"How Sweet! How Lovely!"

Confessing that he finds "mystery and beauty enough in Nature," and declaring that "in our rebellious youth the ageless is often old and stuffy" and that, in so many nature anthologies, "timeless writings are apt to lose character by repetition," Mr. R. M. Lockley clearly sets forth his aim to offer an anthology the majority of the material whereof shall be "neither so old nor so great that it is too well known." Within these limits, he has produced an enchanting book of rare delights—*The Nature-Lovers' Anthology*; poems, like Margaret Howard's "The Lark," which are as thrilling a surprise as the lark's own song; descriptions, such as M. Martin's on Rona in 1716 or Maurice O'Sullivan's of the Kerry cliffs, that are vivid, exact and beautiful; and fistfuls of gems from a collection that has taken the loving care of years to assemble. The one inadequacy among the poems is the album-verse triteness of the introductory stanzas by Henry van Dyke—a very minute



"D'you mean to say, dear, that there's nobody in the whole wide world you'd like to write a P.S. to?"

blemish in this garnered fruit. The work is competently illustrated by Phyllida Lumsden, and is a "must" for all nature-lovers.

R. C. S.

The Deserter

There can be nothing but praise for Mr. Albrecht Goes' sensitive handling of the emotional and religious theme of *Arrow to the Heart*, a straightforward narrative detailing a brief and unhappy episode in the work of a German padre. The scene is the Ukraine in 1942: the guns of Stalingrad boom, and the first awful chill of doubt gnaws at the arrogant pride of Hitler's army. The padre is called upon to attend the execution of a deserter, and his dismal duties confront him with the chiaroscuro of virtue and vice, compassion and brutality, heroism and cowardice. There are no flesh-and-blood characters here, only shadowy embodiments of typical soldiers, but the simple tale kindles the imagination from the outset and develops an overwhelmingly dramatic interest in the fate of the wretched and bewildered prisoner. One of the most remarkable and revealing novels that have emerged from the new Germany.

A. B. H.

Dainty Sorrow

"These stories and poems, now reprinted, are examples of a manner of seeing life," writes Miss Elizabeth Bowen in a generous Foreword to *Haven*, a collection of the work of that Elizabeth Bibesco who was Mr. Asquith's daughter. This is apt; the life that Princess Bibesco described may indulge (perhaps

too much for our hardened sensibilities) in that "dainty sorrow" which we are assured keeps real grief far away, but to the women of these stories—for, though there are plenty of men in them, it is generally a woman's view which is shared with us—it was real enough. They are of their period, tragedies and comedies of feeling rather than action, the stories of men and women drawn with considerable skill. Collected, they tend to repeat the same note, but they are definitely creative work; some few of the poems are indeed poetry, imperfect perhaps, but more alive than anything else in the book.

B. E. S.

Faites Vos Jeux

The Big Gamble is a light-hearted history of the fantastic Principality of Monte Carlo; it is crammed with facts about roulette systems, motor racing, ballet, diplomacy, luxury spending and the inconvenience caused to the Casino by slumps and war. Mr. Charles Graves does this kind of thing admirably. He obviously enjoys High Life and yet retains the power to relate it to its historical background. There is plenty of ammunition here for the Marxist and also for the defender of the old order, who may point out that much of the profit of the Gambling Concession went to the encouragement of the Arts and Technology, and to the metamorphosis of a derelict state into something visually attractive and gay. More visitors come in charabancs than in Lagondas, more have a casual flutter than ruin themselves for ever; the heavy gamblers are the millionaires and no tears need be shed for them. This learned and efficient work is completely unimproving.

R. G. G. P.

Books Reviewed Above

- Old Bankside.* Grace Golden. (Williams and Norgate, 15/-)
Of London and Londoners. Anthony Weymouth. (Williams and Norgate, 21/-)
- London Treasures.* Meadows White. (Lincolns-Prager, 25/-)
London Business Cavalcade. Edited by Alexander Howard and Ernest Newman. (Lincolns-Prager, 25/-)
- Rural London in Pictures.* E. O. Hoppé. (Odhams, 10/6)
- Pageant of London.* Harold F. Hutchison. (Odhams, 10/6)
- Policy for the West.* Barbara Ward. (Allen and Unwin, 12/6)
- Heavens on Earth.* Mark Holloway. (Turnstile Press, 16/-)
- Wild Acres.* Crichton Porteau. (Michael Joseph, 10/6)
The Nature-Lovers' Anthology. Edited by R. M. Lockley. (Witherby, 10/6)
- Arrow to the Heart.* Albrecht Goes. (Michael Joseph, 7/6)
- Haven.* Elizabeth Bibesco. (James Barrie, 19/6)
- The Big Gamble.* Charles Graves. (Hutchinson, 15/-)

Other Recommended Books

- Borrowed Time.* F. Scott Fitzgerald. (Grey Walls Press, 12/6) Stories by the author of *The Great Gatsby*, mostly about his special period, the nineteen-twenties ("the jazz age"). Some have a magazine flavour, but they are packed with extremely good and vivid writing.
- Opening Night.* Ngao Marsh. (The Crime Club, 9/6) Ingeniously contrived murder in theatrical setting. Detection takes second place to attractive back-stage story. For the deck-chair rather than the study.
- Literary Upsets.* Richard Mallett. (Cape, 7/6) A collection from *Punch* of parodies, burlesques and other pieces with a literary reference.



FROM THE CHINESE

"IN the bad old days,"
 Said the scribe Ching Fo,
 "When nothing was planned
 And few paid taxes
 A man would work
 From the first day to the fifth.
 Eagerly counting
 The fruit or the cattle,
 The sheaves of corn,
 The golden coins
 Produced by his labours.
 On the sixth day
 He buried his coins,
 Or some of them,
 In his garden,
 Reserving others
 For the tea-houses
 And the dancing-girls,
 The players of music
 Or the racing oxen,
 And some for the succour
 Of the sick and needy.
 On the seventh day,
 Content and restful,
 He visited the temple,
 Revered his ancestors,
 Respected the Rulers,
 Reclined in the shade
 And saw sweet visions—
 The golden coins
 Like a small mountain
 At the rising of the sun,
 A house in the trees
 On the Happy Hills,
 Rivers of rice
 And innumerable dancing-girls,
 Old age descending
 Like a delicious sleep,
 Untroubled and fearless,
 Bearing him smoothly
 Like a boat on the river
 To the bosom of his ancestors.
 But all this, say the Rulers,
 Was without plan or purpose,
 Nor is it seemly
 To recline in the shade
 While others toil in the sun
 Or dig in the dark
 For salt.
 So,"

Said the scribe Ching Fo,
 "In these better times
 Of Continuous Employment
 I am at the tablets always.
 From the first day to the fifth day
 I labour for the Rulers.
 On the sixth and seventh day
 I labour for myself,
 Seeking rice



-AFW/45.

"I wish we lived nearer the sea."

For the seven days.
 The cost of rice
 Continually increases,
 The price of my labour
 Remains the same.
 Nor is it easy now
 To obtain a tablet.
 I dream no more
 Of a house in the trees
 In the Happy Hills,
 For in the garden
 There are no golden coins.
 I cannot succour
 The sick and needy,
 I have no time
 To visit the temple,
 Or even the dancing-girls.

I see old age descending
 Not as a delicious sleep
 But a devouring eagle,
 With beak of terror
 And talons of anxiety.
 I revere my ancestors
 Ever more deeply.
 About the Rulers
 I must not speak.
 And who am I."
 Said the scribe Ching Fo,
 "To question the beauty
 Of Continuous Employment?
 For the Rulers,
 For themselves,
 Avidly desire it."

A. P. H.

IDENTIFICATION

"NOW, another thing you'll notice, Miss Tiffin, is this, and that is that men drop cigarette ash between the pages, and it's your place to go through the books and blow it out again, but not when customers are by you, or it looks common. Never use a duster on it, or you'll only go and get a smudge, and nothing looks worse, except cocoa. And please do not lean your elbow on that Ruby M. Ayres like that when I'm talking to you. Only lean on a book when it's shut, or we'll have a damaged spine on our hands. No one wants to read a book with the back half off, unless it's a Wild West. Now, here's something else. Here in the library department you'll have to use your psychology, and that's a thing you never had to do in Plastic Bath Novelties. Perhaps a weeny bit in Reject Export China, but only a flea-bite by comparison. Just for instance. If a lady was to come up to you and say 'Is this a good author?' all you have to do is to say 'Yes.' Because it stands to common sense. If she has to ask, that means she never heard of him. And if you was to say 'No,' she wouldn't take it. And what we want is to keep them on the move. Be refined, and keep them on the move—that's our motto here. You see?"

"Yes, Miss Stone."

"Well, stop twiddling that date-stamp round and round like that

then, or we won't know where we are. Another thing is, when you're putting back books in the shelves, don't be too fussy about alphabetical order. If a customer finds a D in with the Ss, nine times out of ten she'll take it down for curiosity's sake, and that's half the battle. Now here's something else where your psychology comes in. Women always like to identify themselves with their heroine. You know what that means?"

"No, Miss Stone."

"I don't know what young people are made of these days. I bet all you look at is the knitting patterns and the cinema page. You want to read some of them quizzes, my girl. They're not put in for fun, you know. Oh, dear—wait a moment. Here comes Mrs. Fraile. Good afternoon, Mrs. Fraile. This one? Let me see, now. *Shoot Me, My Love*. Oh, yes. Well, this girl, the heroine, has come to Malibu Beach from Butte, Montana, where she used to run a joint."

"Where was that again, did you say, please?"

"Malibu."

"Ah, yes. What a long way!"

"Mm! Well, this girl is supposed to have strangled a strong-arm man employed in a night-spot by Itchy Levine, one time when she was doing a bubble-dance there. But Itchy has rented a duplex just up the coast from L.A., and this day

when she's lying there on the beach in her two-piece, Itchy creeps round a rock and turns on the heat—blackmail, you see?"

"Well, fancy!"

"So, she plugs him in the stomach with her '33. Self-defence. In the meantime this private eye—he's more of a scenario-writer, really, who keeps on hitting the bottle—he falls in love with her and keeps on knocking her unconscious with a rabbit-punch because she reminds him of a blonde hoover who gave him the run-around when he was in burlesque."

"What did you say her name was—the young lady?"

"Mm! Johnny. Well, after the cops have grilled her about this dead Chinaman that she wakes up to find herself beside one morning, the big guy—this life guard with the tattoos—kidnaps her on his out-board motor-boat."

"In her two-piece?"

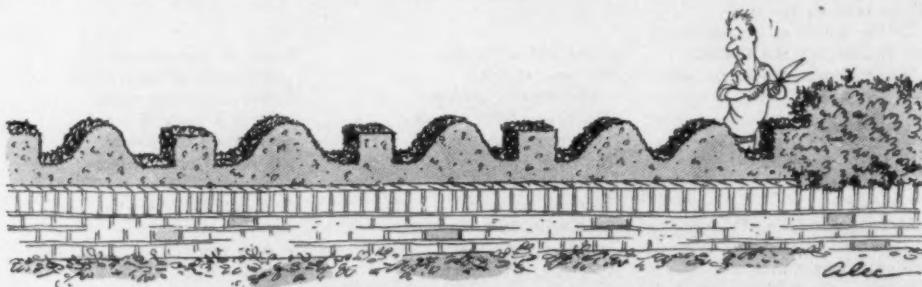
"That's right."

"I'll take it."

"This one? Yes, Mrs. Fraile . . . There we are, thank you. Good afternoon. Your hubby's tummy on the mend? That's good . . . Do be careful of those two steps, won't you! . . . Oh—you've had your specs seen to at last? Good-bye . . .

"Now then, Miss Tiffin. What was I telling you about? Oh, yeah, sure, I remember. Well, now . . ."

ALEX ATKINSON



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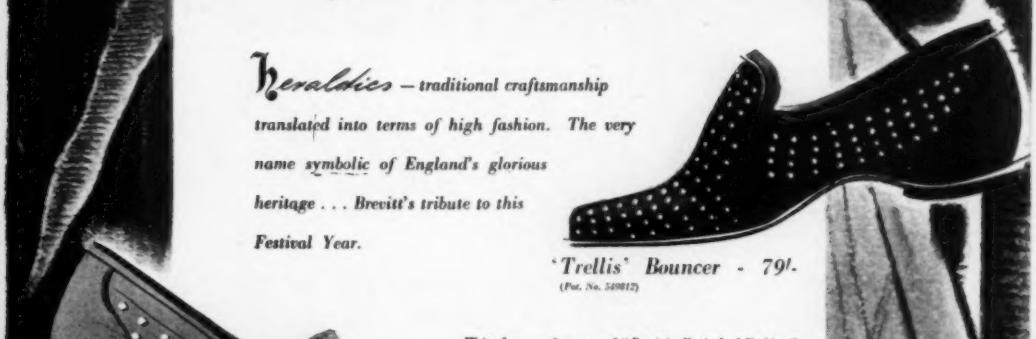


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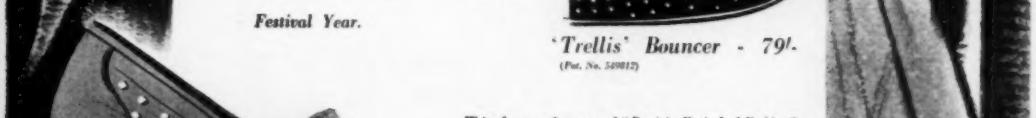


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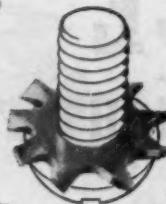
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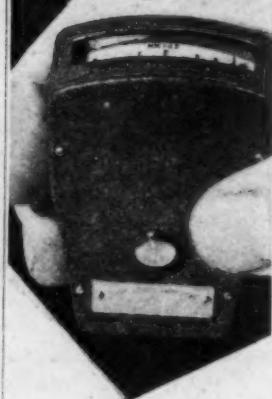
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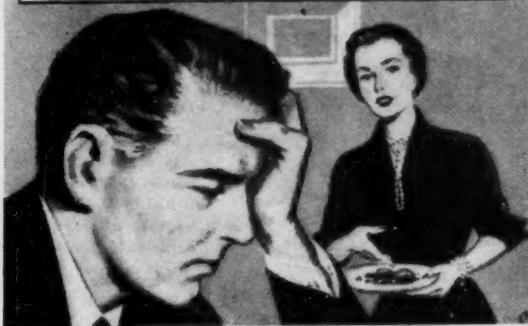
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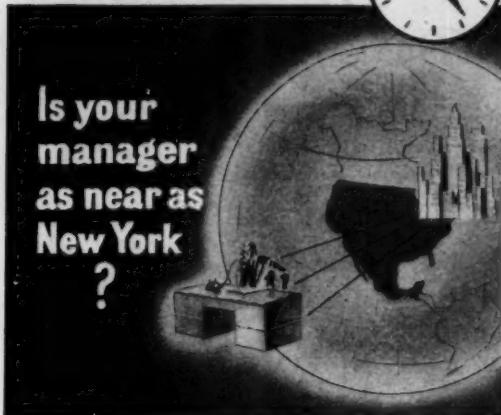
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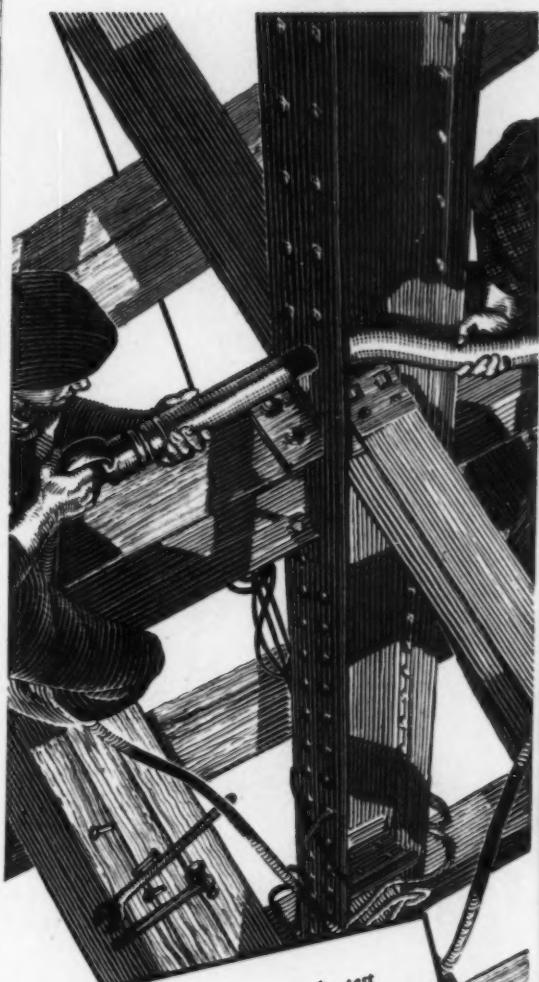
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